

BY LUCY SNOW.

I wonder, wonder,  
If any one can  
Tell how we love  
Our sweet little Nan?  
So winning and playful,  
So witty and wise,  
Her cute little ways  
And funny replies.  
Her mouth is a rosebud  
And sunshine her curls;  
Her eyes violet blue,  
Her teeth rows of pearls.  
Such a wee little foot  
In the tiny blue shoe,  
And cunning fat hands  
Finding mischief to do.  
Up in the morning  
As soon as 'tis light,  
The naughtiest mischief  
Her greatest delight.  
Out in the garden  
To pull off the leads  
Of the prettiest flowers,  
Just peeped from their beds.  
At grand-mamma's basket  
To scatter the spoils;  
Into the work-shop  
To meddle with tools.  
In her pretty white frock,  
As fair as the snow  
Into the coal-scuttle,  
Black as a shoe,  
With her troublesome ways,  
She's the veriest sprite,  
And yet like an angel  
When weary at night  
As he dear mamma's knee  
She kneels down to pray,  
And laps out, "Our Father"  
In sweet baby way.  
And when on her pillow  
She sinks to repose,  
Her fair brow grows fairer,  
Her cheek deeper glow,  
Her bright hair more golden  
In clustering rings,  
She seems more like an angel  
With folded, hid wings.  
We hover around her—  
We hope and we pray,  
That no common may come  
To spoil her away.  
Oh spare her, dear Father,  
For many a year!  
Oh, what would our world be  
Without her bright cheer?  
I wonder, I wonder,  
If any one can  
Tell how dearly we love  
Our sweet little Nan.

## ONE PARTING DAMAGES.

In a darkened chamber, dark with the awful shadow still more than with the lack of material light, four persons were gathered round a bed, on which lay a man bearing in his face the unmistakable signs of the summons which none can refuse to answer. A weeping girl knelt by the bedside, her face bent over the nerveless hand which lay upon the coverlet, and which she held as though by that convulsive clasp she could hold her father still to life. At a table, covered with papers and writing materials, sat the dying man's solicitor, engaged in the preparation of his will. "What names shall I insert as trustees? You should have two at least."

The dying man paused ere he replied, with an effort:

"Geoffrey Howard, Major One Hundred and Eleventh, now in India. I have no other friend."

"In that case may I venture to offer my humble services, subject to the usual proviso. I should be delighted to be useful to Miss Hope; and if your friend is abroad there may be difficulties."

"True, Slythorpe. I thank you. Make yourself trustee, then, with Maj. Howard. Legacy—£200 for your trouble."

"Nay, my dear sir, quite unnecessary. I really—"

But again the ready pen traveled over the paper, and a quarter of an hour later Mr. Slythorpe announced that the document was ready for execution, and in a low, mechanical monotone read over its provisions.

"Yes, that will do. Give me a pen," he said, and with a shaking hand affixed his signature.

"Thank God, that's safe!" he gasped. "Mary, my child, you and Geoffrey—you and Geoffrey! What was I saying? God bless you, my darling! God bless—"

These were the last words Bernard Hope ever spoke.

A year had passed away since Bernard Hope's death, and Mary still remained an inmate of the house of Mrs. Murgatroyd, the good woman whom we have seen in attendance at her father's last illness, and who, to her occasional occupation as nurse, added the more permanent one of letting lodgings. Mary's sweet face and gentle manner had quite won the heart of her good-natured landlady, who was unceasing in her efforts to soothe her grief and minister to her comforts. But she had another trouble—none the less hard to bear than it was one in which she could have few confidants. Maj. Howard, of whom mention has already been made, was not only her father's most valued friend, but had, insensibly grown very dear to herself, and when, six months before Bernard Hope's death, he was summoned with his regiment to India, he left Mary his promised bride. Twice he had written within the first few weeks of his departure, since which time there had been a terrible silence, and in the same week

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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which left Mary fatherless a second blow fell upon her. The One Hundred and Eleventh had been engaged in a smart skirmish, the number of dead and wounded being considerable. Maj. Geoffrey Howard was reported among the fallen, and Mary had to mourn at once her lover and her father.

The death of Maj. Howard left Mr. Slythorpe sole trustee of Mr. Hope's will. This to Mary was a matter of the most perfect indifference. Suspecting evil of no one, she was as willing that her little fortune, amounting to some five or six thousand pounds, should rest in Mr. Slythorpe's hands as in those of any other person. But of late the attorney had begun to persecute her with attentions which under existing circumstances, would have been distasteful to anyone, but were doubly so from a person whom she could not help regarding with an instinctive dislike. And in truth Mr. Slythorpe was not precisely the person to win a fair lady's favor. Under-sized, high-shouldered, with blinking, fashless eyes, and a general angularity, not to say knobiness, of feature, he might have been expected to rise superior to any weakness as to personal appearance, but such was by no means the case. Mr. Slythorpe one morning knocked at Mrs. Murgatroyd's door. That good lady sat at the moment engaged in dusting Miss Hope's room, and catching sight of his approach, exclaimed:

"There's that nasty, worrying lawyer again, I declare. Slythorpe, indeed! I'd Slythorpe him!"

It would be hopeless to endeavor to express on paper the intensity of meaning Mrs. Murgatroyd threw into her newly-coined verb. Mary smiled at the good lady's vehemence.

"My dear Mrs. Murgatroyd, you really shouldn't be so severe. Mr. Slythorpe is a little peculiar, and I have no doubt he means kindly, and you know he is the trustee of poor papa's will."

"I know he is, my dear, and I wish he wasn't. I know he shouldn't be trustee to a cat of mine."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the gentleman in question, and Mrs. Murgatroyd, passing him with a final snuff of abhorrence, quitted the apartment.

Mr. Slythorpe, for once in his life, appeared ill at ease. He was got up with his accustomed care, and the suggestion of scented soap which accompanied him was even stronger than usual; but his usual self-satisfied air was wanting. He evidently had something on his mind—some piece of rascality.

"My dear Miss Hope," he began, after the first greetings had been exchanged, "I grieve to be the bearer of very unpleasant intelligence."

Mary looked up with quiet indifference, scarcely believing that, after all she had gone through, any news, good or bad, could have for her more than the most passing interest. Slythorpe continued:

"I am sure that you will believe I did it for the best; but misfortune will happen, you know, even with the utmost care and caution. I am sure I thought the investment was as safe as the bank; but there's no trusting anything nowadays."

"What is the misfortune, Mr. Slythorpe, for you haven't yet told me? Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Only too serious, my dear Ma—" he tried to say "Mary," but couldn't get it out, and substituted "Miss Hope"—"nothing less, I fear, than the loss of the whole of your little fortune."

Mary turned very pale, but gave no other sign of emotion. "How did it happen?" she said, with an effort.

"Your money was, as you know, in the 3 per cents, where it produced a miserable £160 a year. In the hope of doing better for you, I sold out and invested it in a new mining company, the Wheel Marina, which promised to pay a minimum dividend of 10 per cent, and so would have just trebled your income. And this morning I am grieved to find from the Times that the company is an utter smash. The directors have bolted, and the share-holders will lose every penny of their money."

"Is all gone? Nothing left?"

"Not a sixpence, and you remain liable for calls to the amount of about as much more."

Poor Mary's fortitude quite gave away.

"O dear, what shall I do? I haven't a friend in the world."

"No, no, don't say that, Miss Mary," said Slythorpe, in a gentle, patronizing manner; "it isn't as bad as that comes to. I haven't disguised my own feelings towards you, and, though you've lost your money, you know, that needn't make any difference between you and me. My affections ain't of the mercenary sort; in fact, as I got you into the mess (though with the best of intentions, mind you), it's only fair I should get you out of it."

Mary had hidden her face in her hands, but she became aware from the increased intensity of the all-pervading scented-soap aroma that Slythorpe was drawing nearer to her, and in another moment his arm was round her waist. She drew herself up proudly.

"Sir, I am willing to believe you mean kindly, but your offer under such circumstances is an insult. Be good enough to leave me."

It was two days after this scene that Mary Hope, with the Times before her, was answering advertisements for a governess. She had answered three advertisements, and had folded and sealed her letters, and now, with her open desk before her, was counting her little store of ready money, and calculating how long she could at any rate subsist before she found employment. In replacing her purse, her hand fell upon a portrait, which she took out and gazed at fondly.

"Dear old Geoffrey, if you had lived how different my future would have been! I suppose I ought to say God's will be done, but oh, it's very, very hard!" A few moments she continued gazing through her tears at the portrait, when a sharp knock at the outer door startled her, and she replaced it in the desk. She heard Mrs. Murgatroyd in conversation with some one, and then a quick, well-remembered voice said: "Where? This room?" And in another moment the door was flung open, and Mary Hope was sobbing in her lost lover's arms.

Geoffrey Howard had been dangerously wounded, and had been a prisoner for the greater part of a year in an Indian dungeon, where for many weeks his life hung on a thread by reason of an attack of malignant fever. He had landed in England but twelve hours previously, and had lost not a moment in seeking the presence of his darling and her father, for he was of course ignorant of Bernard Hope's death. Mary, too, had much to tell, and nestling by Geoffrey's side, her little fingers hidden in the rugged brown hands of her lover, which held them as though they would never again let them go, she told him all she had gone through—the loss of her father, the history of the will, and, lastly, the loss of her little fortune.

"I don't understand it," said Geoffrey. "The man has been playing some very deep game."

"Perhaps he really wished to get me more—what do you call it?—in trust for my money. I dare say it was meant kindly enough, though it has happened so unfortunately."

"I don't believe it, darling. If all had gone well you would simply have received your 3 per cent, and Mr. Slythorpe would have pocketed the difference."

"O Geoffrey, Geoffrey! I'm afraid you have come home very uncharitable. Besides, what does it matter about a lot of stupid money, now I have got you back again? Unless, indeed, you would have liked me better for having the money."

There is only one possible answer to such an accusation, and Maj. Howard made it; that is to say, he called Mary a little goose, kissed her, and dropped the subject. On leaving her, he took a Handson cab, and drove to the office of the liquidator of the company, where, on his stating that he desired to make some inquiries on behalf of one of their shareholders, Mr. Slythorpe, he was informed, to his astonishment, that there was not, and never had been, any shareholder of that name on the books of the company.

He next inquired whether, perchance, the shares were standing in Miss Hope's own name, and again was answered in the negative. Utterly bewildered, he drove to Mr. Slythorpe's office. Mr. Slythorpe was at home, and he speedily found himself in the attorney's presence. Mr. Slythorpe was a little nervous. He was always a little nervous with strange

ers till he knew their business, and Maj. Howard's announcement that he had called on behalf Miss Mary Hope did not tend to increase his confidence. He was, however, far from suspecting Maj. Howard's identity, but jumped to the conclusion that he was a hostile solicitor employed by Miss Hope to call him to account. Maj. Howard's next remark tended to confirm that impression.

"You stated to Miss Hope, I think, a couple of days ago, that the property bequeathed to her by her father's will had been invested in the Wheel Marina Company, which has just come to grief. You are of course aware that an investment upon such a rotten security was a gross breach of trust, for which you are liable."

"Not at all; the power of investment is unlimited. Indeed, shares of companies are specially included."

"You are certain of that?"

"Quite so. I draw the will myself."

"Very good. The shares stood, I suppose in your own name."

"Yes; in my name, of course as sole trustee."

"Then pray how is it, Mr. Slythorpe, that I don't find your name among the list of shareholders of the company?"

Mr. Slythorpe's countenance fell.

"Because—because—I may as well make a clear breast of it—to tell you the truth, the money was never in that company at all. It was a false alarm, sir, a false alarm."

"Then where on earth is the money, sir? And what do you mean by a false alarm?"

"I'll tell you, if you'll have a little patience. As a brother solicitor, I'm sure you won't press harder on me than you're quite obliged. Miss Hope's money is in the Wheel Mary Ann, one of the most flourishing companies going, and her shares are worth just double what I gave for them."

"Then what on earth induced you—"

"I'll tell you. Between ourselves, I've taken an uncommon fancy to Miss Hope, and I had made up my mind to make her Mrs. S.; but somehow she didn't take to me quite as kindly as I could have wished. Now, the other morning when I took up the Times, almost the first thing I caught sight of was the smash of the Wheel Marina, and the similarity of name gave me quite a turn, for just at the first moment I thought it was the Wheel Mary Ann. And then the thought struck me, 'If it only had been, my lady would have been glad enough to say "Yes" to Samuel Slythorpe.' And then I thought I'd try it. It was merely a little innocent practical joke—a *rose d'amour*, sir; a mere *rose d'amour*—and Mr. Slythorpe smiled."

"You atrocious scoundrel!" There was a sudden blow, a heavy crash, and Mr. Samuel Slythorpe measured his length on the floor. The clerk outside, hearing the downfall, popped his head in the room, but seeing the state of things discreetly retired again, remarking:

"Beg pardon; thought you rang, sir."

Meanwhile Maj. Howard, having knocked Slythorpe down, proceeded to knock him up again; and with his own dandy cane, which stood by the side of the fireplace, gave him one of the most tremendous thrashings ever recorded in the pages of history.

And no pomp or ceremony, no break-fast, no speeches, no wedding guests, with only good Mrs. Murgatroyd for bridesmaid, the two true lovers were made one. And six months afterward, in the Court of Queen's Bench, the great assault case of Slythorpe vs. Howard was tried, when the jury, in awarding one farthing by way of damages, expressed their unanimous regret that there wasn't a smaller coin.—*London Society*.

The New Century asks: "How can a woman make home more attractive to her husband?" There is no general answer, but in some cases the thing can be done by inviting the widow Smith around to spend the evening.

If you aspire to the highest and the best, you may not be able to attain the summit, but you will come much nearer to it than if, in the first instance, clipping the wings of what is really pure, noble, unselfish ambition, you determine to sacrifice and surrender all claims to the highest and the best, and rest content with some commonplace attainment.

## EYE GLASSES.

But in "general it happens people do not know precisely the time when spectacles become necessary. Many persons imagine there is a certain period of human life when eye glasses are required, which has given rise to that pernicious plan of many self-styled opticians to prepare spectacles for every age, which they of course dispose of to the ignorant and inexperienced. As soon as a man is fifty years of age, for example, has, through any circumstance forced his sight for a few days, he begins to imagine he must have spectacles. These he obtains, asking for and trying to obtain the best for his particular age, and after a short time he probably arrives at the conclusion that he can see better without them." The fact is that some men of seventy, or even eighty years of age, enjoy their eyesight as well as at any other period of their lives, while their children and perhaps grandchildren cannot do without eye glasses. The time when this beneficent and blessed invention of the great Roger Bacon—of the so-called "dark ages"—is needed, depends not only on the special conformity of the organ, but on the care that has been taken of it—the proper use, or the abuse—the neglect of nice attentions in washing, etc., or the misfortune of compulsory work during too many hours, over very minute or shining objects, and with injurious lights. The simplest rules for ascertaining the need of eye glasses are, firstly, to note if you are obliged to remove small print or small objects further than usual from your eyes in order to see them distinctly; secondly, if you find yourself involuntarily moving nearer to the light than was usual with you, in order to read a letter or book; thirdly, if very small objects appear confused after you have looked at them for any length of time; fourthly, if the eyes, after a little close attention to anything, become so fatigued that you are obliged to turn aside to give them relaxation; and, lastly, if the sight, on first awaking, is very weak and does not recover its customary degree of force until some time after. As for the choice of eye glasses, here are a few rules to begin with: "In the first place, good glasses ought never to magnify the objects very much, but merely to show them to us clear, simple and exactly as they are. Even in the exceptional cases where rather strong magnifiers are needed, the proof when they are too strong will be when you are obliged to bring the object much closer to the eye than the sound sight requires"—in brief, "every person ought, generally speaking, to be able to read conveniently with his spectacles at the same distance that he was accustomed to while the visual powers were perfect." All eye glasses should be formed of pure glass. There should be no specks, rays, globules, or other imperfections. "There is a common prejudice," says White Cooper, "in favor of pebbles, and they certainly possess two advantageous qualities—extreme hardness, rendering it difficult to scratch or break them, and clearness, never becoming dull from moisture." Surely these are important advantages, and they are also considered to be cooler than other glasses. The only thing against them is that they cost so very much more than all other glasses. But good and true eye glasses "should be in all their parts of an equal thickness, in proportion to their convexity, as well as of an equal form. Another test of true eye glasses is by holding them obliquely over print, all the letters of which will preserve their true character if the glasses are correct." It must never be forgotten that the frame in which eye glasses are set must be exactly suited to the wearer, because of the breadth or narrowness of the upper part of the nose—in fact, the space between the two eyes—differs so much with different people, that the center of the glasses and the centers of the eyes are sure not to agree unless perfectly adjusted. For this reason, if there were no other reasons, it is best to have spectacles made expressly for you by a qualified optician. With the vendors of cheap spectacles "to suit all sights" this is never considered, because the wholesale manufacturer makes them to a common standard to suit all noses, and not the nose of any particular fellow."

William Sabia, of Sexton, Vt., has had 3,874 fits in eight years.

## Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 3, '77.

The entire attention of the people in general is now engrossed with the momentous question concerning the counting of the electoral vote, which commenced yesterday in the House of Representatives, Vice President Ferry presiding. Very few outside of the immediate vicinity of the capital, are aware how great the excitement over it is here. It is the one subject for conversation and conjecture, and nothing else is heard in doors or out, on street corners and in horse-cars, news-boys scream it all day long—and it is discussed by the fireside at night. At the capitol, precautions are being taken and preparations made for the assurance of order and peace. A hundred extra policemen have been appointed and resolutions adopted by Congress for the prevention of any person entering the House wing of the capitol during the counting, except upon tickets which members of Congress shall distribute—each member having three tickets for each session to dispose of—and the number to be admitted into the galleries is not to exceed twelve hundred. When everything was in readiness in the House yesterday, and the time for the counting to begin had arrived, quite an impressive scene was caused by the entrance of the Senate in a body and the rising of the House to receive them. Seats had been prepared for the Senators and Justices, and the counting began at once, continuing without opposition till Florida was reached. It had been anticipated that the main contest would be on that State, so no surprise was felt when objections were made by Democrats to receiving the Hayes returns, by Republicans to receiving the Tilden returns, the papers were referred to the Electoral Commission, the Senate returned to its own chamber, and the Commission retired to the Supreme Court-room to consider and settle Florida case. It will probably occupy all of today and to-morrow, so it is unlikely the two Houses will meet again in a body till Monday.

I visited Vinnie Ream's studio yesterday. Everybody is interested in Vinnie Ream, the famous sculptress. She was a poor girl and was for years employed as clerk in the Treasury Department. Her statue of Lincoln, which stands in Statuary Hall at the capitol, and for which the government paid her \$15,000, is one of her finest works. Miss Ream is a little, dark, vivacious lady, full of energy and perseverance. I had not the pleasure of seeing her at her modeling as she was quite indisposed, but, unlike the apartments of many artists, her statuettes and models are everywhere to be seen in her rooms. Her parlor is a cozy little place, the walls hung with dark brown draperies for the purpose of forming suitable background for the marbles. The furniture is black walnut and deep maroon terry, carpet with bright leaves and flowers scattered over a dark brown ground, and everything about the room denotes the taste of an artist. One of the most conspicuous pieces of statuary was a large female bust, crowned with stars and draped with the Union flag, representing "America." Another was that of a beautiful, laughing child, modeled from nature, the subject being a daughter of a Senator here. Under glass globes were several hands in various positions—one with the palm upward holding a spray of flowers; another holding a pen in position for writing; and still another resting carelessly on a closed book. These pieces were very beautiful, the nails, veining, and all being so perfectly true to life.

Last evening, as I sat in a concert room, my attention was directed toward a bridal pair who were ushered into a seat beside me. The bride was a fair American blonde, dressed richly and in the height of style, bonnet covered with white plumes and flowers, a good deal of jewelry, white gloves and fan, etc.; and the bride-groom was a regular stolid, yellow, almond-eyed Chinese. To be sure he was minus his pig-tail and curly-topped shoes, as his hands were minus gloves and his face expression; he was head and shoulder shorter than she, but they seemed as jolly and comfortable together as need be with no necessity for an interpreter. There are many such seemingly ill assorted couples to be seen here, a very common one being a white

lady with a negro husband. The reverse is seldom seen though there are instances.

This week is the gayest of the winter in high society. The finest receptions and parties are given, and the "height of the season" is reached. A novel entertainment was given on Tuesday evening at the Ebbitt House by Mrs. Sherman and other lady guests. A week ago these ladies issued cards for a pound party for the benefit of the poor, and result was over five hundred pound packages of groceries, numerous orders for wood, coal, bread, clothes, etc., several large packages of clothing and cash to the amount of \$700. Last evening was signified by a most agreeable assemblage at Prof. Henry's, of the Smithsonian Institute, at which a cultured and refined gathering met Prof. Gray, botanist, with his wife and niece, who are guests of Mrs. Henry at present.

M. M. W.

## Farmers' Wives.

Some years ago I was talking with Dr. Gray, chief physician in the New York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, and he told me that, as a class, more farmers' wives were brought to that institution than people of any other occupation. He said: "The reason why this is so, is that their minds are constantly on one unchangeable routine of work, from daylight in the morning till late at night—no change—no relaxation—no rest."

Farmers should note this fact, and be fore warned before it is too late. It is astonishing what a vast amount of labor farmers' wives perform! Many of them get up and have breakfast ready before their husbands are out of bed. Then it is work, work, work, till near midnight; the mind all the time being on their duties—how they shall supply the meals—how the washing and ironing are to be done—when can the floors be scrubbed—how the children are to be clothed and kept tidy; and many other things, all combined, are enough to break down the strongest woman in the land!

"In no case," said Dr. Gray, "is it safe to be constantly thinking upon one thing or subject," and in cases where the brain has become weakened by too great a strain on it, as with students and literary men, the remedy is rest and outdoor recreations. Then when men are in trouble, a constant brooding over it is dangerous. The mind should be drawn away from it as much as possible.

Farmers, your duties to your wives are plain. Don't allow them to overwork, to wear out prematurely. It is better to leave a few acres less to your heirs, and less in bonds or mortgages, than to see your wives go down to premature graves, with the epitaph, "Died of farm drudgery."—T. B. Miner.

Mr. Pepps, in his diary, tells of a court preacher in the days of Charles II, who made majesty's ears tingle with his bold invectives against his besetting sins. A short time ago there was a court preacher in Berlin more complainant, who, instead of preaching Christ and Him crucified, preached Queen Louisa and her glorified, and gave a glowing account of her interview at Schwedt, after Jena, with her sons, the late king and present emperor, whom she urged in the true Calanyses' vein to redeem and avenge their country. The sermon moved everybody to tears and applause except the emperor. He waited until the preacher appeared at the chapel door, divested of his clerical habiliments and ready to return home, and accosted with: "No such scene as you elaborately described ever took place. The words attributed to her certainly expressed my mother's sentiments; but all that she said to her sons was: 'You see me in tears. I weep for the sad fate that has overtaken us. The king has been mistaken as to the efficiency of his army and its leaders; therefore we have been defeated and are obliged to fly.' The preacher, thus corrected, could not excuse nor defend himself. The emperor added: "Let me advise you not again to give a sermon of this sort. My family and myself go to Church to worship God and hear the Gospel preached—not to listen to flattering notices of our deceased ancestors."

You are well off when you are in a healthy neighborhood, with enough to eat and drink, a comfortable, well-ventilated apartment to sleep in, and you are paying all your expenses and laying up something—even slowly—for a rainy day, and, in addition to this, acquiring knowledge and strengthening your character. Young men whose situation combines all the preceding advantages should be very cautious about exchanging such certainty unless it be for another certainty. Happiness does not depend upon great wealth so much as it does upon independence and intellectual and moral culture.

George Eliot says it is the want of motive that makes life dull and men feel old.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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### Notice of Deaf-Mute Services.

Rev. A. W. Mann expects to hold a  
service for deaf-mutes in the Chapel of  
St. John's Church, corner of Plum and  
Seventh Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio, Sunday  
afternoon, Feb. 18th.

### Notice.

The new Grand Treasurer of the Or-  
der of Elect Surds is CHARLES S. NEW-  
ELL, Jr., 343 West 32nd St., New York  
City. Members having business with  
him, can now address him as above.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY,  
Grand Master.

### Resignation.

We learn that Mrs. H. P. Peet,  
Matron of the Western New York In-  
stitution for Deaf-mutes, Rochester, N.  
Y., has resigned her position. Mrs.  
Westervelt fills the vacancy temporarily,  
we understand.

### Results of a Deaf-Mute's Integrity.

A few years ago, Mr. A. A. Boldan,  
a deaf-mute twenty-six years of age,  
worked a farm on shares in Iowa. He  
became the possessor of a pair of mules,  
a wagon and two pigs. He was poor,  
but honest. Being under the necessity  
of sometimes buying on credit, he was  
always sure to be punctual in paying his  
debts according to his agreement. He  
was offered a farm of 160 acres at ten  
dollars an acre on credit by paying \$100  
down. He accepted the offer, met his  
payments with regularity and now owns  
and lives on the same farm in Manches-  
ter, Iowa, and is worth \$30,000!

### The State and the Deaf-Mute.

The deaf-mute in nearly, if not all, our  
institutions has very little incentive to  
self help. He understands that he be-  
long to an unfortunate class; that the  
State is very generous; that he has only  
to be a receptacle and all will go smooth-  
ly on. No board and lodging account  
is staring him in the face. He has no  
expectation of a bill for tuition to be  
presented at the close of the session. He  
has no encouragement to keep in robust  
health, for physic is free, and a physician  
is at hand without fee. If his slate is  
broken or his book torn, he is furnished  
with another. His washing and mending  
hardly cost him a thought. Should he  
become threadbare and impetuous, his  
kind guardians will see him comfortably  
clad. After five or ten years of such  
drill, his capacity to receive favors will  
be almost inexhaustible.

### Removed from the Principalship.

In another place we publish a cir-  
cular respecting the removal of Mr. John  
Nichols, Principal of the North Carolina  
Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who  
has been superseded by Mr. H. A.  
Gudger. Against the ability of the new-  
ly-appointed principal we know nothing,  
and we entertain the most kindly feel-  
ing in all that pertains to the well-doing  
of the North Carolina Institution in  
common with all other similar establish-  
ments, but with reference to the practice

of removing principals or teachers of  
well-known ability and long practice in  
the profession of teaching deaf-mutes,  
merely for political reasons, as Mr. Nich-  
ols asserts in his circular was done in his  
case, too much cannot be said in condem-  
nation. If the above change had been  
made as a matter of policy for the gen-  
eral good of the institution, no one could  
have demurred, but to make the change  
on partisan principles is a flagrant out-  
rage and a cowardly maneuver, whether  
performed by grog-shop corner politicians  
or by the highest magnate of the State.  
It would be well for politicians who have  
the best interests of society at heart to  
tell well enough alone, as far as it per-  
tains to the education of children. Bet-  
ter results might be attained in the cause  
of education if all institutions of learn-  
ing could be kept out of politics. It is  
indeed humiliating to hear that the man-  
agement of deaf-mute institutions must  
be beset with the slime and filth of  
political intrigue.

### Obituary Notes.

Frederick Anthoni, Jr., died January  
18th, 1877. He was born August 6th,  
1833, graduated from the Ohio Deaf-  
mute Institution in July, 1854, and  
united with the Lutheran Church on the  
28th day of April, 1855. His funeral  
took place Sunday, the 21st ult. Mr.  
Anthoni left a wife and three children  
to mourn their loss of husband and  
father. He died easily and apparently  
happy. He died looking towards heaven  
as if in the act of prayer. He suffered  
much. An examination by physicians  
developed the fact that his lungs and  
liver were in a normal condition, but his  
heart was like a stone. So great were  
his sufferings that his dearest friends  
could not wish him back. For twenty-  
one years he worked in a brewery, and  
was a respected and useful member of  
society. His friends hope to meet him  
in the better land.

### The Itinerant.

The idea is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-  
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the  
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends  
and readers will keep us supplied with items for  
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerant*.

A correspondent informs us that the  
*Silent World* is dead, but that news will  
surprise nobody, for there was no visible  
use for its existence for a long time  
previous to its demise.

The *Tablet* is the latest addition to the  
institution papers. It comes from West  
Virginia, and is a healthy looking young-  
ster; but best of all, it promises if let  
alone, neither to bull-doz nor cease to be  
have itself generally.

A Hartford small boy, who has a  
kindly feeling for the local news gather-  
ers, sends in the following item to the  
*Courant*: "A bad accident happened on  
Wednesday by a double-ripper running  
into a deaf and dumb boy on dunbys  
bill and cut his head badly."—*Ec.*

A deaf-mute, stupidly drunk, was taken  
from a water street Saturday evening to  
the Central Police Station and after  
sleeping about an hour the prisoner  
awoke in a frenzy and tore his clothing  
into shreds before he was discovered.—  
*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. STONE, of Oneida, will to-morrow  
present to the Legislature a memorial  
from citizens of Rome asking for an ap-  
propriation of \$60,000 with which to  
build the proposed Central New York  
Institution for Deaf-mutes in that city  
—*Utica Herald*, Feb. 14, 1877.

### Meeting of the Trustees of the Indus- trial Home.

The trustees of the New England In-  
dustrial Home for Deaf-mutes, will meet  
at my house in this town on Friday af-  
ternoon the 23d inst., to transact such  
business as may come before it. I would  
say that it is open to all who feel an in-  
terest in the success of the enterprise.  
Any communications containing informa-  
tion or suggestions for the Home can be  
sent to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, chairman, in  
my care.  
WM. B. SWETT,  
Marblehead, Mass., Feb. 6, 1877.

### A General Invitation Extended.

The members of the Massachusetts  
Deaf-mute Christian Union, residing in  
Worcester, most cordially invite all deaf-  
mutes in New York, Philadelphia and  
other cities to join with them in a Social  
Levee, to be held on the 22d of this  
month at the Hall, No. 456, Main St.  
If possible to do so, arrangements will  
be made for reduced fares on railroads,  
and at the hotels for all the deaf-mutes  
who accept the invitation by letter to the  
Chairman of the Committee on or before  
Feb. 15th.

We shall do our utmost to make your  
visit a most agreeable one, and of pleas-  
ure as well as profit to our Union.  
Admission to the Levee including Ta-  
bleau, Dramatic, Oratorio, &c., 75 cts.  
Refreshments extra.

WM. H. GREEN,  
D. B. HOWE,  
Geo. A. HOLMES,  
Committee.  
Worcester, Mass., Feb. 10, 1877.

### Portland Deaf School.

The following is taken from a Port-  
land (Maine) paper:  
The city of Portland has opened at  
No. 4 Free street, a school for teaching  
those born deaf, and those who have lost  
their hearing at an early age, to read and  
write. Pupils resident in Portland are  
admitted free; those living in other  
towns of this State may be admitted up-  
on the payment of a tuition fee of twenty  
dollars a term, provided they are not  
proficient in the "sign language" which  
is not taught in this school. The term  
is ten weeks.  
E. HUNT, Supt. Schools.

### A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common  
Prayer.

Sunday, Feb. 18th.

The Psalter for the 18th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah vii.  
2d Lesson—Matthew x.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Jeremiah ix.  
2d Lesson—Ephesians iv.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
first Sunday in Lent.

Sunday, Feb. 25th.

The Psalter for the 25th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Ezekiel xiv.  
2d Lesson—Luke x, to verse 25th.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Ezekiel xviii.  
2d Lesson—Ephesians v.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
second Sunday in Lent.

### New England Deaf-Mute Mission.

At the rooms of the New England  
Deaf-mute Association the fifth lecture  
of the course was delivered by the deaf-  
mute system. A good-sized audience  
was in attendance. At the close of the  
lecture the audience appeared much  
pleased with the evening's entertainment  
and bestowed much applause upon the  
lecturer, Mr. W. P. Wade. The subject  
was "Richard III." Another lecture up-  
on "Sociability" will be given on Thurs-  
day evening—*Daily Evening Traveler*,  
Feb. 9, 1877.

### A Change for Political Reasons.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB  
AND THE BLIND,  
RELEIGH, N. C., FEB. 1st, 1877.  
My duties as Principal of this Institu-  
tion close to-day, after a service of four  
years. My retirement from the position  
has not been voluntary, but has been  
caused by the political changes in our  
State government. I deem it unneces-  
sary to offer any explanation on the sub-  
ject. It is due to myself, however, to  
state that no complaints, much less  
charges, have been made against my ad-  
ministration, even by my opponents.

During the time I have been Prin-  
cipal of the Institution, I have formed  
many pleasant acquaintances among the  
parents and friends of our pupils, and  
from some of them I have received acts  
of kindness that never will be forgotten.  
I now surrender the Institution, with  
all its honors and responsibilities, into  
the hands of my successor, who is a gen-  
tleman of intelligence, education and  
energy, and who will, I trust, make a  
more efficient officer than I have been.  
To the parents and guardians of our  
pupils, and other friends of the Institu-  
tion, I now introduce Mr. Hezekiah  
A. Gudger, the newly elected Principal,  
and bespeak for him the same kind feel-  
ing, cordial support and encouragement  
that have been extended to me during  
my term of service.

Very respectfully,  
JOHN NICHOLS.

In assuming the duties incumbent on  
me as Principal of this Institution, I am  
not unmindful of the great responsibility  
of the weighty and solemn duties I take  
upon myself. The care, happiness and  
to a certain extent the future weal or  
woe of the inmates of the Institution are  
up to me. I can but hope I shall prove  
true, and acceptably fill, the position to  
which I have been elected. For my pre-  
decessor, Mr. Nichols, I have none but  
the kindest feelings, and highest esteem.  
He is, in every respect, a true gentleman.  
I recognize the fact that the intention  
of the establishment of the Institution was  
purely to impart knowledge to the unfor-  
tunate class of our two races, and shall,  
therefore, ask the candid and cordial co-  
operation of all connected with the same  
in this work. To the patrons and public  
I promise to devote my time and energy  
to the promotion of the happiness, and  
inculcation of knowledge to those who  
have the sad misfortune to be a State  
charge. The rules must be obeyed strict-  
ly, and every regulation of the Institu-  
tion will be enforced firmly but kindly.

Very truly,  
H. A. GUDGER.

### The Florida Case Decided.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The Electoral  
Commission, at 6 o'clock this evening,  
decided, by a vote of 8 to 7, to adopt a  
resolution declaring the four Republican  
electors in Florida duly appointed. The  
vote stood—yeas, Justices Bradley, Mil-  
ler, and Strong, Senators Edmunds, Fre-  
linghuysen and Morton, Representatives  
Hoar and Garfield; nays, Justices Clif-  
ford and Field, Senators Bayard and  
Thurman, Representatives Abbott, Hun-  
ton and Payce.

ORISKANY, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1876.  
I have used Hatch's Universal Cough  
Syrup in my family, and am convinced  
that it is an honest, first-class medicine  
of its kind. I prefer it to any other that  
I have used, as it does not dry up a  
cough, but loosens it. I have sold it for  
three years. My customers like it with-  
out exception.

L. G. WILLIAMS.

No one can give so reliable information  
in regard to the value and sale of a medi-  
cine as the dealer. Ask your druggist  
what he knows about this remedy.  
Gratuitous samples can almost always  
be obtained. For sale by dealers gen-  
erally.  
50-4w.

—The Oswego Praying Association  
are now conducting meetings at Gouv-  
eneur.

### The Sermon,

Preached by the Rev. J. W. Brown, Rec-  
tor of Trinity Church, Cleveland, O.,  
on the Occasion of the Ordination of  
A. W. Mann to the Diaconate, on St.  
Paul's Day, January 25th, A. D., 1877.

"The ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and  
the tongue of the dumb shall sing."—Isaiah xxxv:5-6.

When the Baptist sent out two of  
his disciples from the prison of Herod to  
our Lord with the all-important question:  
"Art thou He that should come, or do  
we expect another?" you remember well  
the answer. It was this: "Go and show  
John again those things which you do  
see and hear. The blind receive their  
sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are  
cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead  
are raised up, and the poor have the  
gospel preached unto them." Who will  
doubt that the answer was not by our  
Lord intended to be, as it was in deed  
and in truth, the evidence of His proper  
claim to the Messiahship, in that it was  
the fulfillment of the most striking prophe-  
cy ever uttered, and the one most fam-  
iliar and significant to the Jewish  
people? Read the whole chapter, of which  
the text is a part, and you will discover  
its pointed and definite character in  
reference to Christ and His holy Church.  
So marked is this that it is recognized  
as one of the favorite lessons used on  
special occasions referring to the Church's  
work and progress. It is now 1,800  
years since the earthly life of Christ es-  
tablished His claim to the title of the  
Prophet that should come—to the title  
of the Son of Man—and the Lamb slain  
from the foundation of the world. The  
doubting question as to the reality of  
the true Messiah is heard no more on  
the part of the Christian Church. Is-  
rael is not the expectant Church she was  
in the temporal days of our Lord. She  
has rather become a school of thought,  
and reproduces her Hillel and other  
masters to teach moral maxims. The  
one God without any Christ is now the  
tendency of Judaism, rather than the  
uncovering of the veil to the coming one.  
The Church, on the other hand, in con-  
tradistinction from all the systems which  
dethrone Christ either by denial of His  
existence and divinity, or by supplant-  
ing Him and His mediatorial efficacy,  
holds her claim to a divine original in  
possessing Him as the head and corner-  
stone. The one come already in the per-  
son of Jesus, is the Christ, and the  
Church finds no substitution for His ad-  
vent into the world, save in the work of  
the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, whose  
channels of grace are through the Sacra-  
ments of the Church. If the fulfillment  
of prophecy in itself was one of the  
criteria of the true Messiahship, as we  
do indeed know it so to have been, as  
denoting the incidents respecting our  
Lord's birth and life; then the prophecy  
that miracles should be performed holds  
its respective place with the others in  
general. But when the miracles them-  
selves are worked not only as supernatural  
works at large, but in detailed obedience  
to prophecy, so definitely as to be named  
categorically, we do certainly possess a  
most remarkable evidence in favor of  
His divine claims. Such is the text in-  
prophecy, and such the fulfillment in  
our Lord's answer to John's disciples.  
Our Lord answered every particular  
claim which the word demanded, either  
in the ancient prophecies, in His own  
utterances, or in the following inspira-  
tion of His disciples; and besides the  
practical test of His fidelity to these, is  
to be found in the undisputed and out-  
side testimony: "He went about doing  
good." From that earthly life, through  
all the past Christian age, the evidence,  
instead of weakening a single claim, has  
increased its virtue and strength, so  
that to-day the little one, in testimony,  
has become a thousand, for the spirit of  
prophecy is the testimony of Jesus. If  
the Church is the body of Christ, and  
He her divine head; if He is the em-  
bodiment of her truth, and she the ex-  
ponent of his revealed word, it must fol-  
low that her claims shall rest, in due and  
subordinate ratio, on like evidence as  
was necessary for His own support and  
demand. Like Him, her Lord and Master,  
she declares in evidence of her unity  
with Christ's mystical yet real and en-  
during, even as he declared against all  
gainsayers; and doubtless in support of  
His union with the Father, "Believe me  
for the very work's sake." Then vouch-  
safing that wonderful saying in her be-  
half, as faithful: "Verily, verily, I say  
unto you, He that believeth on me, the  
works that I do that shall he do also, and  
greater works shall he do, because I go  
unto my Father." In obedience thereto  
we look to the Church in the past and  
present to see if she has or does accom-  
plish the filling out of the divine life of  
her Lord in her history, internally and  
externally. She must answer in like  
manner to every claim her words and  
tenets avow, which she holds as a divine  
revelation; as the truths of which she is  
the custodian, of which she is the pillar  
and ground. The question arises: Has  
she done it, and is she doing it? It is  
answered affirmatively without hesita-  
tion. The universal testimony of every  
century is to her claim in her fidelity to  
the evidence. She may not present it  
the concentrated Divine power, which  
marked so necessarily the brief life of  
her Lord. The reasons suggest them-  
selves to the mind. As he said, because  
He shall depart to go unto the Father,  
but in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
the Revealer, the Sacrificer, was the con-  
tinuation of the Divine power; and the  
third-person in the undivided and ad-  
orable Trinity was the Christ, even upon  
the earth, always the soul of the Church  
—the inspiration of her life—the spirit of  
her energy—and the power of her endur-  
ance. The prophecies which found their  
embodied fulfillment in Him, now extend  
their enlarged vision through the living  
Church of all time; and as each decade  
of Christ's life noted some specific prophe-  
cy accomplished, so in the succeeding  
years of His ministry does he record  
prophecies fulfilled; and thus ever will it  
be, until again shall all divine thought  
and utterance crystallize about the com-

ing son of man who shall in that day  
become the centre of attention, and when  
the power of all the universe—Hell—  
Heaven—and the Earth around and  
about Him shall concentrate. The thirty  
years of our Lord's life measure the  
whole life of the church, and graduation  
and extent of the Divine power in His  
humanity embraced, whether in prophe-  
cy fulfilled or miracle performed, kept  
pace with His human growth until the  
resurrection—the grand culmination of  
the whole—completed the triumph of His  
earthly career. So in each added testi-  
mony of recurring years in the Church  
life, the gradations and extensions of  
Christ's kingdom are manifest, as one by  
one some specific end is reached, some  
mighty obstruction removed which ful-  
fills prophecy; which works miracles,  
though unseen to ordinary human vision,  
worked by the Holy Ghost, and which  
shall culminate when all things shall be  
subdued unto Him that put all things  
under Him, that God may be in all.

In humble reserve, yet full faith we offer  
to-day this incident—the ordination  
of a deaf-mute as a striking confirma-  
tion to what we have said, as the Church's  
claim to union with Christ, and the ful-  
fillment of the prophecy of the text.  
But one of the many which the seer's  
vision foretold, yet in that one charac-  
teristic pre-eminently and significantly  
of the Lord's own work in His earthly  
day, offered to John's disciples as His  
testimony to Divinity. An incident, in-  
deed, as trifling as the birth of a child in  
the least town of Bethlehem, as the pres-  
ence of that child in a manger with cat-  
tle in the stable, but as then, that event  
so small as not to disturb the ordinary  
duties of men's daily lives, yet moved  
heaven's hierarchy in wonderful interest.  
So to-day, this small occasion which ruf-  
fles not the surface of commercial life,  
in a provincial town, is linked to Heaven  
in presence of the Father, Son and Holy  
Ghost, in the solemn commission bestow-  
ed by the laying on of hands. Who  
dare limit the results? Who dare ques-  
tion its reality? It is, indeed, another  
way-mark in the progress of the Church  
to her divine completion, and through  
Him shall the deaf be made to hear and  
the dumb to sing.

This person to be ordained a deacon  
in the Protestant Episcopal Church, is  
the second in the history of the  
Christian Church, so authorized "to min-  
ister in God's name," as a deaf-mute.  
The first was Henry Winter Syle, a deaf-  
mute, ordained by the Right Reverend  
Wm. Dacon Stevens, D. D., LL. D.,  
Bishop of Pennsylvania, on Sunday,  
Oct. 8th, A. D., 1876, in St. Stephen's  
Church, Philadelphia. To the sermon  
then preached I refer you, as it is pub-  
lished for distribution, for the history  
in brief of this great work in behalf  
of the afflicted, and for this reason, I have  
not attempted to-day to occupy your  
time in rehearsing it. The Bishop, how-  
ever, states some important facts, which  
ought in this connection to be placed  
before you. He tells us the first treatise  
ever printed on the education of the  
deaf and dumb, was in 1620, by Juan  
Pablo Bonet. The first education of  
this class attempted is generally ascribed  
to the Abbe de l'Epée, in France, in the  
eighteenth century. In 1760, schools  
were opened simultaneously in Paris,  
Edinburgh and Dresden, for deaf-mutes.  
The first in England was founded in  
1792—only 84 years ago! In this coun-  
try, the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet be-  
gan the effort of sympathy for this class  
from personal interest in aiding Dr.  
Mason F. Cogswell, in behalf of his  
little daughter Alice. In 1815, he went  
to England, thence to Paris, where he  
became acquainted with the Abbe Sicard,  
then at the head of the imperial institu-  
tion. There under the teaching of Lau-  
rent Clerc, he fitted himself for the  
work. Mr. Clerc and Dr. Gallaudet  
returned together to the United States,  
in 1816, and in the following year opened  
the institution at Hartford, with seven  
pupils. The fifty institutions now on  
this continent are the outgrowth and  
fruit of this effort of Dr. Gallaudet in  
behalf of Alice Cogswell, sixty years ago.  
By a singular and marked coincidence,  
the Bishop tells us, the sons of these two  
founders, as presbyters of the Protestant  
Episcopal Church, were present and took  
part in the ordination of the first deaf-  
mute ever commissioned by our Church  
to take upon him the office of a Deacon  
in the Church of God. One of these  
priests is now present to render a like  
service in behalf of the second one to be  
ordained. We repeat the Bishop's tes-  
timony of them, as "worthy sons of  
noble sires." To Dr. Gallaudet, the  
father of this honored representative  
here, belongs the praise of first conceiving  
the idea of using the sign language in  
the public worship of God. Following in  
the footsteps of his illustrious parent,  
the son began a Bible Class of deaf-  
mutes in St. Stephen's Church, New  
York City, in 1850, and from this has  
resulted St. Ann's Free Church for Deaf-  
mutes, in that city, of which he is the  
Rector, and the Church Mission to Deaf-  
Mutes, with its National Home for the  
Aged and Infirm of this class, of which  
he is the head. It is stated there are  
over 20,000 deaf-mutes in the United  
States, and the mission now works in  
some fifteen or twenty large cities and  
towns throughout the land. I will not  
attempt to repeat Bishop Stevens' words  
in answering objections to this ordina-  
tion, but refer you again to the printed  
sermon where they are given and an-  
swered in full.

It remains for me to call your attention  
to the special work of the present occa-  
sion, and the person to be admitted to  
the holy ministry. Our brother, Austin  
W. Mann, was born in Madison county,  
Indiana, Dec. 16th, 1841. At the age  
of five and a half years a malignant scar-  
let fever deprived him of the sense of  
hearing, but not until he had learned to  
articulate and read a little. He gradu-  
ated at the Indiana Institution for  
Deaf-mutes, in 1858. In 1867, he re-  
ceived the appointment as teacher in the  
Michigan Institution for Deaf-mutes, and  
honorably and faithfully filled the post

for eight years. He was received into  
the Church by holy baptism in the spring  
of 1868, and confirmed a few months af-  
terward, at Flint, Michigan, by Bishop  
M. Cokery. In June, 1873, he was li-  
censed by his Bishop as Lay Reader, to  
work among the adult graduates of the  
different institutions who had their homes  
in Flint. Afterwards, at long intervals,  
Jackson and Detroit, in that State, were  
visited. It was about this time that he  
was impressed that it was his duty to  
prepare for the holy ministry; but as  
no one of his people had ever been or-  
dained, the obstacles seemed almost in-  
surmountable. Yet the effort was de-  
termined on. Freed from the claims of  
the institution upon him as a teacher, he  
resolved to devote his entire time and  
all his energies to the work of faith and  
labor of love. Missions were begun in  
Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Grand  
Rapids, in addition to those in Detroit,  
Jackson and Flint. In 1875, services  
were held once in Wheeling, West Va.,  
and recently in Cincinnati the first ser-  
vice was held with such marked interest  
from those directly concerned that the  
effort will be renewed. It is con-  
templated, under the direction of the Bishop,  
so to systematize this work that regular  
visitations shall be made on Sundays to  
the larger fields, and week day services  
secured to the smaller towns. During  
his ministrations as Lay Reader there  
have been deaf-mutes, 13 adults and  
17 infant children of deaf-mute parents  
have been baptized, and seventeen more  
are waiting the opportune visits of the  
Bishops in their respective Dioceses.  
This, dear hearers, is the work which the  
Church accepts as the legacy of her  
Lord and Master in the fulfillment of  
the prophecy of the text that the ears  
of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the  
tongue of the dumb sing.

The work in this city was under the  
auspices of him for whom the church is  
now clad in mourning, (Rev. Dr. Wash-  
burn). He was always a devoted friend  
of it, and no doubt to-day his presence  
in spirit sanctifies the solemn event.  
To him we are indebted for the success of  
the movement here, and such an occa-  
sion as this he had planned for, and were  
he now with us, would rejoice at its suc-  
cess.

And now to you, my brother, I address  
a few words. The solemn act conferred  
upon you confirms the divine word and  
beautifully illustrates the truth and fact  
conveyed to the Baptist from the lips of  
our Lord, as the testimony in behalf of  
the Church's claim to divine origin. By con-  
sent of the Church, represented in her  
chief pastor and presbyters, you are ready  
to receive the grace of holy orders from the  
stream of continuous life, flowing through  
the channels from the fountain head,  
even Christ. We send back from this  
service our greeting to the ancient day  
of Jesus' earthly life, and say the dumb  
are made to speak and the deaf to hear.  
The disturbed air in tremulous sweet  
emotion may not fall on quickened ears  
in words from the life of peace and joy  
in Jesus, but thanks be to God, for His  
beneficent gifts to men who both see and  
hear that they are enabled to catch and  
hold on the moving fingers the articu-  
late speech, and through the apprehend-  
ing vision convey in silent language in-  
to the willing mind the truth as it is in  
Jesus.

From you shall go forth the same gospel  
message in stillness, nevertheless  
power, even as though the lips spoke the  
gracious words of salvation. The Holy  
Spirit needs not articulate signs, and  
moves from heart to heart in mighty  
quietness in this divine impulse to save.  
In meditation and study of God's bless-  
ed word, you shall hold sweet converse  
with that Holy Spirit, and thereby be  
endowed with power from on high. Pre-  
eminently true shall it be declared by  
you in your ministry that the poor have  
the Gospel preached unto them, and if  
this text be required in your behalf as a  
servant of Christ as our Lord gave it to  
the Baptist, never shall your commission  
be without its seal.

In the name of our Rt. Rev. Father,  
and these your brethren here assembled,  
I welcome you to the glorious work of  
your future, so fraught with blessings  
and denials, and bid you "God Speed" in  
your work among the silent ones around  
whom Christ's compassion loved to dwell.

### GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1877.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

There was another fraternal talk at  
the Mayor's office on Saturday, at which  
the heads of departments, members of  
the Legislature, merchants, lawyers,  
bankers, and whoever could obtain ad-  
mittance, were present. The heads of  
departments denounced to a man the  
recent Woodin-headed proceedings in Al-  
bany. To cut down the salaries and cut  
off the perquisites of municipal officials,  
was a grinding of the face of the poor,  
not to be thought of in these hard times.  
They grew eloquent over the matter,  
with a flow of rhetoric and a tautology  
of utterance, that showed how deep their  
personal interest in the matter was. Ev-  
ery one of them declared that his de-  
partment was run on the most economi-  
cal basis possible, and then Senator  
Morrissey proved himself a genuine yel-  
low-jacket, by rising and asserting that  
half of them might be abolished alto-  
gether. You can judge how pleased  
they all looked at that. Their faces  
would have been a study for an artist.  
Noses, which had long worn that scarlet  
livery of office, the result of years of  
green-turtle soup and the "Widow,"  
turned absolutely pale with indignation,  
horror and reproach; but the Senator  
merely rubbed his left hand down over  
his right biceps, and looked the noble  
Roman, who did not love Tammany less  
but New York more.

Mayor Ely talks well; he would pre-  
fer not to have his salary cut down, but  
is amenable to legislative action. Now  
after such a sweet speech as that, who  
could have the heart to ask him to take  
any less? The result of all this confab-

ulation, will probably be a proper under-  
standing about the matter, and

"The same old story ever new."  
To him who finds its fate his own."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Death of Richard E. Bull.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We have some very sad news. This morning Dr. Peet received a telegram from the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, saying that our absent Supervisor, Mr. Richard E. Bull, who was stopping there, died yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. We were very much shocked at the sad intelligence.

This institution never lost a more faithful and efficient officer. He was the best supervisor of the boys that has been here for many years. The Adelphi Lodge, O. E. S., will hold a special meeting to suitably notice the death of their beloved brother.

The remains will probably be taken to his former home in Germany for interment. I am sure you will sympathize with us in our loss, and also his many other friends, to whom I would convey the intelligence of his death through the columns of the JOURNAL.

Yours truly, MARK.  
N. Y. Inst., Feb. 5, 1877.

### Correction.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Feb. 9, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Dear Sir:—Your own correspondent in your issue of last week, makes quite a mistake, which I hasten to have corrected in your next issue. She says there will be a convention of the New England Gallaudet Association, at Worcester, Feb. 22. This is a misunderstanding. The occasion will be entirely for the Massachusetts Union, as your paper also states, and judging from what I have heard will be well worth attending. No time has yet been set for holding a convention of the N. E. C. Association, and when it is, your readers will know it through your columns, so please correct the mistake at once, and oblige.

Yours truly,  
J. T. TILLINGHAST.

### Progressive, Liberal and Valuable.

EXTRACTS FROM AN IOWA LETTER.

H. C. RIDER:—Dear Sir:—Money is scarce with me, but I don't think of going without the JOURNAL. It is a progressive, liberal and valuable paper for deaf-mutes, and has more reading matter than any other deaf-mute paper in America (or any other country—Ed.), and is calculated to benefit its readers. It ought to have a place in every deaf-mute family. Enclosed find seventy-five cents to pay my subscription for the next six months.

Yours truly, JNO. A. MILLER.  
Waukegan, Ia., Feb. 5, 1877.

### Two Deaf-Mutes Wedded.

We are glad to announce that Mr. James Russell, the ex-President of the Manhattan Literary Association and Miss Mary D. Penhaby were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 25th of December, 1876. We have been kept away from the happy union ever since its performance, but as it has finally leaked out, we take occasion to mention it so as to let the friends of the happy bride and groom hear of the same. Both were pupils of ex-Principal A. Johnson at the N. Y. Institution.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.  
New York, Feb. 6th, 1877.

### National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, }  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7, 1877. }  
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Robert D. Hazlett, of Mississippi, resigned from this College last week, for reasons best known to himself.

Nelson, of '82, has been suddenly called home by the death of his mother. He has the sympathy of the students in his sad bereavement.

President and Mrs. Gallaudet gave a reception at their mansion, last week, at which were present some of the elite of Washington society.

The debate on the question, "Is reading a better source of knowledge than observation?" at the last meeting of the Literary Society, proved an exciting one, and was frequently applauded by the audience. The contestants were a Senior and a Junior, the former being in the negative and the latter in the affirmative. The contest was one of the best ever witnessed on the floor of the society. The judges, however, awarded the palm of victory for the negative side. I forgot to mention that we were entertained with a magic lantern exhibition for half an hour before the Literary Society held its meeting.

On the evening of the 3d the young ladies of the Primary Department gave a tableau, to which the students were invited, and, in spite of the inexperience of some of the actors, it was quite a success.

The boys of the Primary Department celebrated the birthday of our well-beloved President on the 5th inst. If the students had known of this before, they would have joined in the celebration.

We are having fine weather now, and it has tempted us out almost every day.

The first game of base ball, between chosen sides, was played yesterday afternoon, and it could be seen that although some of the players were a little rusty in catching balls, and needed brushing up, they had gained somewhat in muscle, and could send the ball further than they could last fall, thanks to the use of Indian clubs.

Although the winter has not passed yet, there are some students out with straw hats and linen dusters, in advance of the season.

It is reported that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is coming here on the 19th inst.

STUDENT.

### Prof. Job Turner at Providence.

MALDEN, Mass., Feb. 7th, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—After a silence of two weeks, I take great pleasure in sending myself again to tell your readers some incidents of my private and pastoral visit at Providence, R. I.

On the 18th of January last, I left here for that city, not only to visit my relatives, but also to conduct a service for deaf-mutes, with a view to organizing and fostering a new society for the improvement of their moral, intellectual, and religious welfare. Thanks to God, happily have my desires been granted.

A very warm welcome did I receive from my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Brown, and their daughter, Mrs. King, at Pawtucket, four miles from Providence, for I had not seen them for over thirty-five years. They did all they could to make my visit pleasant for about a week.

On the following morning, Mr. Brown very kindly let me have his faithful servant, horse and sleigh to go to Providence, and I enjoyed the sleigh ride very much with Mrs. King, and her niece, Miss Woodland. Many thanks do I owe to Mrs. King for serving me in some Christian business. She succeeded in helping me to get a large room to hold a music service in. We called on President Robinson of Brown University, who received us with dignified politeness. I became acquainted with him in Virginia many years ago when he was pastor of a Baptist church in Norfolk. He told me that he would be happy to be present at my service, but unfortunately he had an engagement. He will, however, have that pleasure when I go there again. He asked me when I could call again, so that he could show me about the University, and I told him that I could on the following forenoon, which he said would suit his convenience. My desires being accomplished, we drove back to Pawtucket, much pleased with the ride and the kind favors shown in Providence. I could not have done so well without Mrs. King, whose husband was one of the most eminent lawyers in Rhode Island, and was for some years consul at Belfast, Cork and Oporto. Mrs. Brown has three or four times crossed the Atlantic ocean to visit Mr. and Mrs. King.

On the morning of the 20th, I took the street car for Providence, and walked direct to the University at the appointed hour, where I was again kindly received. The President being very busy, two of his professors were requested to wait on me, and I considered it an honor and compliment to me. To my great surprise, Prof. Poland, a young gentleman of promise, could spell on his fingers as we do. He showed me kind favors by showing me the very valuable library, and the very interesting University museum. He introduced me to Mr. Guild, the librarian, who showed me a very old family Bible, which once belonged to John Eliot, the Indian missionary, and which was bought at auction for \$1,800 for the University. I saw an ancient family clock, which the first President of the University once owned, and which is still running. Prof. Poland showed me the oldest book in the library with wooden covers, and many other old books. The librarian told me that I was welcome to the library at any time, and that I might read such books as I wished, to which I bowed my head gently as a token of thanks. I am sure that there are many facts in the library concerning deaf-mutes, and I hope some day to copy and condense such accounts for your valuable paper if you wish.

Prof. Poland next took me to the University Museum, where he kindly showed me many old relics, an account of which I will, by and by, write for your paper, as it is worth mentioning. He pointed to some screws from the coffin of Roger Williams, who founded Providence. Prof. Poland told me that he would arrange an interview with Gov. Lippett, his wife, and deaf-mute daughter, when I go to Providence again, and that he knew the deaf-mute lady personally. She can talk and understand the motions of the lips well. She reads French, dances beautifully, leads a quadrille, and mingles in refined society like a speaking lady. From what he told me, I have no doubt that she must have been placed under the tuition of accomplished instructors. I did not part with Prof. Poland without tendering to him many thanks. He invited me to come and see him again.

Afterwards I made several calls in the city. I happened to meet with a kind-hearted citizen, D. A. Pierce, Esq., who told me that he would be happy to give me any information I wanted, and who introduced me to the Board of Trade, which was truly a compliment to me. In the afternoon I called upon Mr. Levi H. Lester, a graduate of the American Institution, who received me well, and introduced me to his deaf-mute wife, a graduate of the same. I told him the object of my coming to Providence, and he said he had seen it in the city papers; and I requested him to make it known to his deaf-mute friends, which he promised to do. He showed me a copy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, which contained my letter about Martha's Vineyard, which I perused.

Before dark I went to Pawtucket in the street car, and felt at home at the elegant mansion. On Sunday morning I went to Providence with Miss Abby Bates, a deaf-mute and a graduate of the same institution. I conducted a service in the committee-room of the Central Baptist Church, before a good number of deaf-mutes, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Bowditch, who were on a bridal tour, visiting their friends in that city. The bride was later by Mrs. John R. Barnett. She has promised to furnish me with her writings to look over, which I hope I shall have the privilege of doing before long.

Just before the morning service, the Rev. Mr. Bainbridge, pastor of the church, told me that we could hold another meeting

in the same room between 5 and 6 o'clock if we wished, and invited us all to be present at his Sunday School concert, which invitation we accepted with pleasure. The morning service was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, Mr. and Mrs. Budlong, Mr. and Mrs. Lester, Mr. Miller, Mr. McGinn, Mr. Dolan, Miss Abbe Bates, and some others whose names, I am sorry to say, have dropped from my memory. The afternoon service was held at 5 o'clock in the same room. We were allowed the free use of the room which was well suited to the purpose.

In the evening we were escorted into the vestry by the Sup't. of the Sunday School as soon as the afternoon service was done. At the request of the pastor I opened the Sunday School concert with the Lord's prayer in the sign language, to let the scholars, about 300 in number, know how it can be offered up by us. I described "Christ stilling the storm," and "Christ feeding the multitude." Then the pastor asked them what I said, and some of them were right in guessing. On the following Monday I attended a little business in the city for several hours, and returned to Mr. Brown's to rest and talk with the family. On the following Tuesday Mr. Brown and myself had an excellent sleigh ride about four miles to see George H. Corliss, Esq., the celebrated engine builder, and his extensive works. Mr. C. received me with the cordiality of a true friend, and I was shown over the works with kindness. He is a fine looking gentleman of gigantic size, and has a very pleasant appearance. He will some day, I think, be governor of Rhode Island. I will, some time, write a faithful description of his works when I go to Providence again. He is intimately acquainted with Mr. Brown. In the afternoon I saw the Crown thread manufactory in full operation. The well-known Coates' thread, which the ladies like the best, is made at that factory. One of the girls is a deaf-mute. I talked with her a few minutes, and she said she had been working there four years. She is a graduate of the same institution. I next visited the haircloth factory and was much interested to see how the cloth is made. While at Providence I made the acquaintance of Mr. L. H. Lester's speaking brother, J. Erastus Lester, Esq., a lawyer. I think he would like to plead for such deaf-mutes as may need a lawyer's services, because he understands our sign language. I recommended him to the deaf-mutes, as a good lawyer for them. In him I found an intelligent gentleman. I know he would be glad to aid any deaf-mute in law business. He has a pleasant cottage which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. He gave me an interesting book about his journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I met a gentleman in Pawtucket who introduced himself to me, and told me that his deaf and dumb cousin, Mr. W. Willard, was once a teacher at the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Indianapolis. Mr. Willard has retired to private life with his pockets full of gold and silver. Highly do I appreciate the great kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. King, without which I could not have done so well and so much for the deaf-mutes in Providence. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have a fine summer house on Mount Hope, where King Philip was shot by Capt. Church. They have kindly invited me to spend some time with them next summer, which I hope I shall do. What a nice time will present itself to me! I enjoyed the library of writing in the nice library of Mr. Brown, who has a great many valuable books. Happy should I have been to read all of them if I could have had plenty of time. My time was so fully occupied that I could not read any. On the last evening of my pleasant sojourn I took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Wayland, and enjoyed a very pleasant evening with them. Mrs. W. is one of Mr. and Mrs. Brown's daughters. The next morning I started for this place and arrived here safely after an absence of a week. I cannot close without saying that Mrs. Brown was so much pleased with your valuable journal, that she surprised and pleased me by telling me that she would subscribe for it. She gave me the money, which you have no doubt got before this time. Long may the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL give light to the mute readers.

JOB TURNER.

### The Sunnyvale Social Club Removed.

The terrible calamity that recently visited the City of Churches (Brooklyn) and destroyed some 300 lives, created considerable excitement and activity among the politicians and officials of that city, and both sections of Kings county, (the Western and the Eastern Districts) have ever since been blessed with two inspectors of buildings. The two Eastern District Inspectors, Messrs. Gaylor and Crooke, commenced their work on the northern end, and it was on Monday last week when their eyes fell upon the house occupied by the Sunnyvale Social Club, and after a thorough inspection they condemned the house and ordered the removal of the occupants for fear of an immediate calamity. The club had no time to find suitable rooms, the present address of the Club and the Secretary was to be corner of Leonard and Conyngham streets, only one block from the condemned club rooms. The club has been in existence for three years, and the members have passed many jolly hours in this house, which was leased for five years. It is needless for us to give a full description of the removal, but next April when the club has engaged suitable rooms, word will be sent to the JOURNAL. Notwithstanding the removal and the loss of the rooms, the club will proceed to elect new officers on the 25th of March, at the residence of the Secretary.

The members, after moving all their furniture to a place of safety, met at the rooms on the evening of the Wednesday following the Monday of inspection, and after consulting for two hours in the lonely and naked rooms, reluctantly left them, and now they say that they will not enjoy an hour till the club has engaged rooms. The Treasurer showed that the club was well off financially, having in the bank at date some \$37, after having spent for rent and other things about three hundred dollars during the past three years. The first year the club paid \$5.00 rent for rooms, the second year they paid \$8.00, and the third year they paid \$10 for rent, and as many of your readers who live in the country, and who stopped in New York on their way home from the Centennial last summer or fall will remember what they saw while on a visit to the club. All mail matter should hereafter be directed to

W. A. BOND, Sec'y S. S. Club,  
Cor. Leonard and Conyngham Sts.,  
Brooklyn, E. D.

### New York Institution Notes.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,  
NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1877.

MR. EDITOR:—Your regular correspondent "Tully" keeps the readers of the JOURNAL so well informed as to the doings at this place that an aspiring scribe can rarely get an opportunity to send an article to your paper, which might bear the title of "news." Occasionally, however, he leaves out scraps which are of interest, to at least some of your many readers, and as you are undoubtedly willing to accept what may please your subscribers, I comply with the request of several of the pupils, and write this article.

A few evenings since a meeting of the Amity Base Ball Club was held to elect officers and reorganize for the ensuing year. Sometime since I informed your readers of the remarkable standing of this club, which was formerly known as the Young Mutual Base Ball Club. During the last season, the professionals from whom they had taken their name so disgraced themselves in base ball circles that we could not harbor the thought of being known by such a name, and accordingly have become the Amity Base Ball Club—this harmonious title being better adapted to us. Upon balloting the following was the choice of officers who are to pilot us through the storms of another year:

John Hogan, Captain.  
John T. Donnelly, Secretary.  
Alfred Emmons, Treasurer.  
W. A. Emmons, Henry Stengels, Charles Shattuck, Committee.

The result appeared to give universal satisfaction to all concerned. No doubt, by skillful management and steady practice, they will make things "hot" for the Hudsons, who now hold the championship of the Institution and near vicinity. I should advise the champions to look sharp or they may meet some unexpected obstacles in the way of retaining the palm. Following the election of officers, resolutions were offered thanking those retiring for their untiring zeal in promoting the interests of the club. The information that Mr. Thomas Fox had rejected the unanimous declaration of the club tendering him the office of Secretary created much embarrassment, but upon consideration of his many services, his resignation was accepted. His return to the institution was quite unexpected, as it had then been hinted that he had contemplated entering the college for deaf-mutes. At present he seems to have no desire for leaving us just yet, and to tell the truth we are very glad to have him among us. He is a bright, intelligent and frolicsome young fellow, respected by all who know him, and at present fills the honorary position of Secretary to the "Fanwood Literary Association." His resignation of not accepting our unanimous proposition of making him our secretary is his inability to serve us as he would wish, to his studies taking up all his time.

We are also compelled to mourn over Mr. Jackson, now a student of the Deaf-mute College. He was formerly a member of the second nine, and was the source of much fun by his droll pantomime performances. We feel jealous of the Kennells in their valuable, but will be martyrs without dying, and trust that they may be as proud of him as we were. Mr. Jackson carries with him the hearty congratulations of all his former school-mates. May he never know what it is to be compelled to grow fat on laughing, and no one to furnish that valuable article.

With the opening of warm weather we shall spring into active life, then you may expect extended accounts of our great doings. Until then, I bid you a very affectionate adieu. J. F. D.

### Letter from Marblehead.

(From a Lady Correspondent.)

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Jan. 31, 1877.  
DEAR JOURNAL:—It seems that the time has flown away like lightning since I wrote last. Here is an opportunity which I must not neglect.

A small, pleasant prayer meeting occurred at the residence of Mr. John Bowden, on the 14th of Jan., (Sunday evening). Mrs. Bowden, wishing to do any Christian work, extended an invitation to her deaf-mute friends to come and hear about religion, all invited ones were present. Mr. Wm. Bailey opened the meeting with a short prayer. Then Mrs. Bowden explained about old age and its happiness and unhappiness, and asked if it was too late to repent! She earnestly said now is the accepted time to repent, and told an interesting story about a little Christian who hoped long but won a victory at last. Mr. Bailey gave good advice and stories. Mrs. Bowden closed the meeting with the evening prayer from the Common Prayer Book. The little party seemed pleased and profited.

The Marblehead deaf-mutes have concluded to have the winter lectures once in two weeks. Mrs. Bowden will take a part in the lectures. Mr. Bailey gave an splendid lecture about Famine Heroism.

The new machines just put up in the shoe-manufactories have turned away about seventy workmen. Mr. Bailey is unfortunately one of them. He is seeking for work; still he has had no work in six months.

There are two societies just organized in Boston. One of the societies is called the Mission and the other remains unnamed. It seems that there will never be peace until certain leading officers of both societies are removed and replaced by sensible men. If the ministers of the churches should take a peep into the work of the deaf-mute managers, they would open their eyes with terror and would say at once that deaf-mutes think and act lightly about serious matters.

Mr. George Homer, now President of the New England Deaf-Mute Mission, is respectable and sensible. Many of his sincere friends think he will manage the society well, in spite of opposition from the other side.

Why does not the Salem Society perform a little charity by sending some preachers to Marblehead deaf-mutes? Marblehead Association has been dead for some time for want of money.

### CHARITY.

### Letter from Geneva.

GENEVA, N. Y., Feb. 6th, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The weather has been considerably cold for the past week, with the exception of a mixture of snow, rain and thaw. The railroads were blockaded with deep drifts of heavy snow three weeks ago, but the trains are now running regularly.

N. Denton, Esq., invited fourteen deaf-mutes to be present at his magnificent residence on the 2d inst., in honor of Samuel A. Taber, Esq., and his bride (formerly Miss Gertrude A. Boughton of Brooklyn). Mr. John Godfrey and wife of Auburn; Mr. C. C. Cuddeback and wife of Phelps; Mr. C. Krebs and wife, Mr. M. F. Tuttle and wife, and A. C. Gordon, of Geneva, being present on the occasion, were treated with hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. Denton. Mr. J. H. DeShong, of Union Springs, came to Geneva on business, and was cordially welcomed to the little gathering, although his coming was unexpected.

Mr. Taber and his bride immediately after having been married in Brooklyn, started on their bridal tour from the Grand Union Depot, corner of Fourth avenue and 42d street, New York city, by way of the Hudson River and New York Central R.R., to Lundy's Lane, Erie county, Penn., (where Mrs. Burwell, sister of Mr. Taber, lives). Having remained with Mrs. Burwell for two weeks, they came to Scipio.

At four o'clock Mr. Denton and his wife invited Mr. Taber and his bride and the other guests to partake of a bountiful and enjoyable dinner. The turkey, which was a wild one, weighed twenty-two pounds. After the turkey, came chickens, quails and partridges. Several toasts and speeches were made in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Taber. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the same evening, a nuptial festival was given by Mr. Denton in honor of the groom and bride. It was after twelve o'clock when all retired to their downy beds. Some went home in the morning—Mr. and Mrs. Taber taking the 7:18 A. M. express train for Scipio.

I am informed that Mr. M. F. Tuttle is going to paint a portrait of the late John W. Chandler, first President of the Empire State Association for Deaf-mutes. The portrait will be carefully and perfectly executed, and sent to Mexico to be exhibited in the window of some store for a short time. I am glad to hear that Mr. Tuttle has improved much of late in painting, although his former paintings were very good. It is now reported that he is one of the most skillful and best artists in the State. A. C. G.

### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

From our own Correspondent.

BOSTON, Feb. 10, 1877.

DEAR INDEPENDENT:—In my last letter, I advocated the Moody and Sankey movement here, quite strongly. I do not retract or correct a word I then said; but I do rejoice in the success of this great revival agency. The three daily meetings at the Tabernacle are fully attended; the enquiry meetings are full of earnest seekers after truth, and the labors of Mr. Moody are generally well received and appreciated. It will be one of the miracles of modern times, if the efforts of Mr. Moody and his army of followers do not accomplish a vast amount of real, substantial good in this great hot-house of all the ills that have become obnoxious to morality and religion.

### THE BENNETT MAY.

affair is almost equal to the Presidential question, without a high Commission to unravel the intricacies thereof. The latest account of the affair relates that when the seconds asked the principals if they were ready, Mr. May twice replied that he was not; that after the second asking the snap of a pistol was heard; that Mr. May's second thereupon advanced in front of Mr. Bennett and asked if it was his pistol which had been snatched; that Mr. Bennett exhibited his weapon in proof that such was not the case; that Mr. May then spoke up and said that his pistol had accidentally snapped; that after this the seconds adjudged to Mr. Bennett the right to fire; that Mr. Bennett levelled his pistol, took aim and then, suddenly throwing up his arm, fired in the air. Whereby the duel ended with no bloodshed. A letter from a passenger on board the steamer City of Richmond announces that James Gordon Bennett and party were his companions on the voyage to England. The

mixed condition of our extradition laws with England, allows Bennett to become a hero instead of a fugitive from justice. But then he can be spared from his journal, and the great city, as well as not. He has few brains, and nothing but money and impudence to recommend him to decent society.

THE WEATHER, TRADE, LADIES, &c.,

For the past week or more, the weather has been mild and Spring-like, though pedestrianism is quite mulled. The shopping ladies are out in full force, to see and to buy the lovely goods our merchants temptingly offer. Judging by the arms-full of packages to be seen everywhere, it appears that the hard times have all passed, and an active renewal of trade is upon us. But let us turn for a moment to the condition of the working women of this city. They are the ones who struggle for the common necessities of life, who work ten and twelve hours a day for scanty pay, and help produce these exquisite feminine fancies that their more fortunate sisters purchase. Instances are on record where scores of women labor hard, six days in a week, and perhaps get \$4.00 for their services. Six and eight dollars a week is considered good pay for very competent help in stores, offices and shops. Many have no employment, but have to live somehow, and this "somehow" is the problem that appeals directly to the philanthropic business men of Boston. It is, in fact, the corner stone of the "social" element, so often discussed by pulpit and press. Eloquent women by education, employment and regular habits of life, and give them the ballot also, if they want it, and then the whole moral atmosphere of our future will be purified, benefited and changed.

But to change the subject, Mr. Editor, don't you think we will soon have a

### NEW PRESIDENT?

And whether it be Hayes or Tilden, let us rejoice that the entire business interests of this country will not any longer be in the hands of the worst political demagogues and mountebanks that ever disgraced civilized government. "Rah for a settlement of this question. It has cost the country as many dollars as two years' of war in the way of shrinkage in values, loss of business, failures and stagnation; and now that the end has come, the

### BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Improves, and a better feeling prevails among all classes of trade and manufacturers. A material advance in many of the staple goods is also a matter of fact; and all that is now needed is confidence in the stability of our government, the employment of our surplus capital and labor, and a general mind-your-own-business, and we will soon be prosperous and happy.

YANKEE.

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 9, '77

I suppose it is not wonderful that many of the working people in the country look upon the National Capital as a sort of harbor or place of safety. Perhaps such an idea is but natural among the numerous daily arrivals in this city of men out of money, out of clothes and out of employment. Every night the Night Lodging House—which is the old Central Guard House—is filled to overflowing with poor, unfortunate men, generally in search of work, who have not elsewhere to lay their weary heads. A visit to this place the other evening was very interesting to your correspondent, and a brief account of the same may be so to your readers. The Night Lodging House is not in a pleasant locality, nor is the building itself of a prepossessing appearance. The only buildings near are lonely and ugly, used as Commission houses and junk shops, whose attics are inhabited by wretched, poverty-stricken people whose lot it seems to be to live neglected and dis unknown. The building was once white and shining with new paint, but that is now turned gray and dingy, and with the grating windows and general dilapidation, no one would imagine it to be any sort of a charitable institution. The door opens into a long passage at the further end of which is a grated gate—the entrance into the gloomy old prison-house. On the right of the passage, near the grated gate, is a small room which is used for the general business of the lodging house. It is the only room on the ground floor that is occupied, and is furnished with stove, a table where the Superintendent does his writing, a cot bed in the corner where he sleeps, a long bench by the stove, and two or three chairs. On the stove stands a ten-gallon coffee-pot, and in a corner is a big box filled with barrels of bread, above which hangs a row of tin cups on hooks, which are used in serving the coffee. A supper and breakfast of this bread and coffee is given to each person who remains there over night and it is a treat to see them partaking of this frugal repast, their source of enjoyment and appreciation is so great. The room is ornamented with a copy of the ten commandments on a big white placard on one side and the printed rules of the lodging house on the other. Each applicant for lodging is admitted only by means of a ticket procured at the police station, and has to sign his name and record his age, trade or profession, destination, nationality, whether he can read or write, is married or single, his height, weight, and from what city he came. About forty were cared for the other evening, and there were all grades to be seen, from those who were evidently unused to "roughing it," and were endeavoring to preserve a neat and tidy appearance, to those in the last stages of poverty and degradation. Extremes meet here as elsewhere. A seely, middle aged man, an old school teacher, sat telling his troubles and reverses, in polished and refined phrases, to a dirty, unkempt illiterate, whose name in the signing book was a cross. A haggard-looking

man, with staring eyes and want-worn face, thin and ragged raiments, and feet sore with miles of weary travel, crouched over his bread and corner as if fearful that his right to them would be disputed. One lodger told me he had "footed it" from New York, through Jersey, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, "hunting for work," but had found nothing. "There ain't nothin' doin'," therein't nary a thing to do, and there ain't nary a thing to eat." Another from Philadelphia, had left a sick wife and children, begging all they had to eat, while he came to Washington to find work, for there was nothing at home he could get to do. A little old man with hair and beard as white as wool, came pleading for a night's lodging after every bed was taken up, and as he turned away the Superintendent told me he was a journalist in this city years ago, having been on the editorial staff of the National Intelligencer. But now he is old and decrepit, and "can find nothing to do." The sleeping rooms are on the second and third floors, and are furnished with clean-looking, single cot beds, at the head of each of which hangs a clean night gown. The lodgers are required to take a bath before retiring, and their shoes are left standing in the hall directly under a peg from which are hung the clothes belonging to the same person. The place has a wide fame. Weary, work-hunting men, toiling through the country all over the land, remember their comfortable night here, and tell of it to fellow travelers whom they meet on way, and those in their turn, gladly avail themselves of the same privilege, when in the course of their wanderings they reach the National Capital.

Secretary Morrill, and Alexander H. Stevens are lying seriously, but it is hoped not fatally, ill at their respective hotels. At last accounts they were both rather improving. M. M. W.

### NEWS.

—Did you get a Valentine?

—Logs in our mill yards are few and scattering, as yet.

—S. N. Gustin filled the rail road ice house this year.

—Miss Lillah Howard is home from the "Normal," spending vacation.

—That was an enjoyable tea party at Mrs. S. H. Stone's last week Friday.

—Mrs. S. R. Orvis and her daughter Grace spent last Sunday in Sandy Creek.

—Revival meetings are being held at South Mexico and Denton's Corners.

—Uncle Solomon Matthews filled the Union Cheese factory ice house last week.

—Mrs. Cornelius Duall has sold her farm in South Mexico to Thos. S. Richardson, of Colosse.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Dwight, of Adams, made a brief visit at Mr. T. C. Brown's, last week.

—Dr. Wright of Syracuse, visited Mrs. C. D. Snell last week. He is an old friend of the family.

—G. G. French, Esq., arrived home Monday forenoon from New York, where he had been for some days.

—Among the patents just issued is the following: "C. Rogers, Oswego Falls, washing machine."

—A daughter of Mrs. Wm. Sherman, who resides on South Jefferson St. is, we hear, very sick with erysipelas.

—Rev. J. P. Stratton's household goods were shipped to him on Monday last. They went by special car, from here to their destination without change.

—Miss Etta Larkin gave a party to some of her young friends last Thursday evening. We learn it was enjoyable to all who were present.

—We are glad to record that Dr. Becker has so far recovered that he was able to attend church last Sunday morning, and to give as a call yesterday.

—Wesley J. Smith has bought the vacant lot on the corner north of the brick school house, on Church St. and expects to erect a comfortable cottage on the same during the coming summer.

—Mr. Nathan Browell and wife, of Hubbardville, Madison Co., N. Y., are visiting Mr. N. D. Hart, of our village. We believe Mrs. Browell is a sister of Mr. Hart.

—Prof. Tuller says he is going to cut his big squash on the 4th of March no matter whether Hayes or Tilden is counted in, and is going to give it all away. First come, first served.

—Rev. John A. Wells, late pastor of the Presbyterian church of Springville, Erie Co., N. Y. is expected to occupy the pulpit in the Presbyterian church, next Sunday.

—Rev. Carl Chester, a student in Auburn Theological Seminary, and a nephew of Mr. B. S. Stone, preached in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning, to the acceptance of a large congregation.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Stone visited their son Walter, editor of the Camden Advance, last week. Mr. Stone also visited his son Carl, who is a student in Hamilton College at Clinton. You must not ask Mr. Stone why he stayed so long in Rome.

—The old patrons of William Hall will be glad to learn that he has again become proprietor of the barber shop which he occupied for so long a time. He will attend to the business himself, and will be glad to see all his old customers as well as new ones.

—Mrs. Lucy Pratt, widow of Peter Pratt (after whom Prattville was named), died on the 2d inst., at the residence of her



## Facts and Fancies.

A Chinaman never keeps in debt long. He prefers to commit suicide.

The colder the weather, the less the thermometer 'mounts to.

A bear's foot was found in a steel trap in Vermont, the bear having gnawed it off to free himself.

Words of a dying cannibal—Write me down as one who loves his fellow men.

Says the Whitehall Times: Any business man may run in debt, but he can't run long after he gets in.

No good that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long unerring memory in the universe, out of which nothing ever fades.

No man has a right to ask a woman to become his wife unless he has paved the way, by caution and forethought, to a comfortable home for her.

A San Francisco woman fell asleep among enemies, who after giving her chloroform, shaved her head. She has sued them for the price of a wig.

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all men on the same level, inasmuch that life itself would be a punishment without it.

He who thinks no man above him but for his voice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

At the earnest request of several young men the following information is published: "There is nothing which tends to shorten the lives of old people and to injure their health as the practice of sitting up late, especially winter evenings, and more especially when there is a grown-up daughter in the family."—*Joliet (Ill.) Sun.*

## An Arctic Experience.

The sledging parties were the greatest sufferers in every respect as regards hardships and sickness. The position of one of these and the enduring physical results to the officer in command, Lieutenant Beaumont, deserve more than casual notice. This young officer and seven men were so long in returning that a search party was sent out. In this they succeeded. Four of the party were so ill that they could not go on, and the officer in charge was in the direst extremity. Almost the only alternative left was to leave the four men to their fate, and push back with the three still able to go on. The feeling of responsibility came upon him with crushing force. The mental effort, or rather the mental agony endured, changed in a few hours the color of his hair, and, although a young man, he is now quite gray; and will thus carry to the grave unmistakable evidence of an anxious and conscientious desire to do his duty. He stuck to his helpless comrades, and, when found by the relief party, he and his three men were tugging at the ropes, bringing forward their fallen comrades, two at a time, at the rate of half a mile per day.—*Edinburgh Courier.*

## Deeds.

Mr. Moody, in an address at the Chicago Tabernacle, made rather a practical application of the parable of the sower. He said he did not believe every protestation of a change of heart which he heard. Men came with the crowd and acted with the crowd, but the seed was only in a subsoil, and a good stiff breeze would bear them down like stubble. He knew one who sang hosannas and was very much worked upon; the seed had fallen and sprung up. But there was a lack of depth. He knew this, because the man owed his landlady a board bill which he was able to pay, but which he utterly neglected. He believed in the conversion of deeds. He did not believe in the Christianity that found time to read a Sunday paper but none for the Bible.

A pretty anecdote is told of Queen Victoria and Mendelssohn. A short time before his death the great composer visited the Queen. He sat down to the piano, and played accompaniments while she sang some of his songs. When Mendelssohn rose to go, Victoria warmly thanked him for the pleasure he had given her, and said: "Now, what can I do to give you some pleasure?" expecting him to mention some gift or honor she could confer upon him. Mendelssohn at first declined to mention anything, but when her Majesty insisted, he frankly told her that he was a lover of little children, and that he desired to see the royal children in their nurseries. The Queen mother was much pleased, and kindly led him through the nurseries, and they spent a pleasant hour talking in a friendly way about their children.

## Scot.

We were serenaded recently. It was during the late thaw. It was a glorious night. The stars shone in matchless grandeur and the sky was illumined with inimitable beauty. It was at that silent mystic hour of the night when ghosts walk the earth. We were dreaming that the Grand Electoral Commission had somehow decided under an old statute, that both Hayes and Tilden had been elected by small majorities, and that everybody was satisfied, and that hereafter every voter was to have a good fat office; and so we were pleasantly dreaming, when we were awakened by a loud noise. At first we thought of burglars, but concluded it nothing more than the usual noise of boys making night hideous in the streets, and so we went on with our dreaming.

"But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds it echoes would repeat!  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

There was no mistaking that growling chorus this time. Dulcet strains and heavy reverberations filled our ears. Then we knew the worst. The enemy was upon us—the cats were giving a grand concert under our window. We threw up the sash and there they were—cats of all sizes, colors and ages, just commencing their nocturnal rehearsal. We never saw a larger convention of the mice-catchers. At that moment they seemed to be practising on "Hold the Fort." The voice of the prima donna was very fine and when the chorus came in the effect was truly terrific. A selection from Faust was tolerably rendered and was the only piece we enjoyed. But the question with us was how to break up the Convention. We threw down considerable portable property, but failed to dislodge the enemy. We succeeded at last in hitting one old growler on the head with a maulage bottle, but this only caused a short recess and they all soon assembled again only a few feet away. We tried "intimidation and bulldozing," but all in vain. Worn, disgusted and almost frozen, we at last gave up in despair. For three mortal hours that horrid rehearsal continued, and at last when the "Sweet Good-Bye" was sung we fell into a heavy slumber, and dreamed that strychnine was one of earth's greatest blessings, though a terrible enemy to back-yard minstrels.

## Letter from Illinois.

ENGLEWOOD, Jan. 16, 1877.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—The new year has arrived, bringing with it driving storms of wind and snow, also severe cold weather. Eastern people say New York has moved west, but I imagine you have your share left, from the fact that we do not get regular Eastern mail. Some weeks we do not receive the INDEPENDENT which makes the time seem long. The INDEPENDENT is a welcome guest to a person far away from their old home.

Englewood, Ill., which is my present home, is one of the many suburban towns which surround Chicago, and there is none which is better adapted to all classes of society than Englewood, seven miles south of Chicago. Here the man of means can have his large grounds, commodious house, and pleasant surroundings, while the less wealthy class can find equally pleasant homes with little energy and perseverance. The communications with the city by means of three lines of railroads which pass through the center of the place, give it facilities which few other suburbs possess. There are twenty-six passenger trains daily each way, which stop here. A person can ride from Englewood to Chicago in nice warm cars, in the same time it would take to go from 31st street to Western Avenue to the center of the city in the street cars.

The school facilities are considered by many unequalled, even by Chicago. The graded schools are conducted upon a plan which recommends itself to all who are interested in the subject of education. There is the High School in which the higher branches are taught, and the Normal School which prepares its students to become teachers. Almost every denomination of the Christian religion is represented here, and most of them have houses of worship. The social element is well represented here, and the entertainments given are of the highest order; also, an unusual number of fine singers have their homes here. The holidays passed off pleasantly here. Each church had its Christmas tree loaded with good gifts for its Sabbath School children and Superintendents. Mr. E. T. Northrup, Superintendent of the M. E. School, was presented with large, elegantly-bound family Bible. Mr. Warner, of the first Presbyterian Sunday School, a beautiful Bible also.

We are having beautiful spring weather this week. Mrs. M. A. BALLOU.

## PALERMO.

A person would have been puzzled to pick a flaw or find anything disagreeable in the weather of last Sunday. It was indeed a model winter's day—mild, pleasant and beautiful.

Last Saturday evening the Palermo Grange, No. 309 P. of H. installed the following officers for the ensuing year: W. M. Bartlett, Master; O. P. Jennings, Overseer; I. Campbell, Lecturer; W. F. Sharp, Steward; H. Campbell, Assistant Steward; W. E. Lansing, Chaplain; W. A. Bartlett, Treasurer; J. I. Stewart, Secretary; B. Holbrook, Gate Keeper; Mrs. R. H. Bartlett, Ceres; Mrs. L. Bartlett, Pomona; Miss Armita Campbell, Flora; Miss Ida Griffin, Lady Assistant.

Palermo, Feb. 5, 1877.

The cheapest place to buy Coffee and Tea is at Whybourn's. Don't take my word for it but try for yourselves.

## NORTH VOLNEY.

In our daily routine of life, we often meet with a man who makes himself very unpopular, and I may say very odious by his everlasting fault finding with other people. He is a good man perhaps, but if he sees anything in one of the other members of the church that he can take hold of, he talks about it and harps upon it, and makes it twice as bad as it was or would have been but for his censorious meddling with the notes in other people's eyes. His name is Swift, and well might it be. Not far from him there lives Mr. Slow—a mild, inoffensive man who would be very slow to do wrong at any time, and has the fear of Mr. Swift's tongue before him at all times. It happened during the coldest snap in last December, that by Sunday afternoon they had burnt up all the wood that Mr. Slow had provided on Saturday, and he must go out to the pile and cut some more or his family would suffer with the cold. After some hesitation but seeing no alternative, Slow took his axe and keeping one eye out in the direction of Swift's house and one on his work, he soon had an awful cut, which he was just picking up as some one spoke to him from the roadside. "I say, Mr. Slow," He dropped the wood and cried, "Oh, Slick! Ah, yes, Mr. Slick. Cold day, Mr. Slick. Glad to see you; thought at first it was old Swift." "Well what if it was?" "Why, you see, I wouldn't just like, you know, to have Swift see me chopping wood a Sunday." "But, neighbor Slow," said Mr. Slick, "don't you think the Lord will see you?" "Oh, yes, I suppose likely he will, but then he won't make such a dreadful fuss about it."

During the past two weeks, the Rev. Mr. Cogrove, pastor of this charge, has been holding revival meetings, and will continue them every evening this week.

Even.

North Volney, Feb. 5, 1877.

## Good Advice to Boys.

The boy who spends an hour each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes in the course of the year 365 precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If in addition to wasting an hour each evening he spends 10 cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus wasted than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what! The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or the cigar, is not only temporary but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day. Be warned then in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.

—Pittsburgh Gazette.

## An Enjoyable Gathering.

MR. HUMPHRIES:—Last modesty should deter you from giving what would be a desirable "local" had the parties been other than they were, please allow me to state that there was a very large and enjoyable gathering at the residence of the editor of the Independent, on Wednesday evening of last week. As is well known, that gentleman had for a long time been superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School in this place; but at the close of last year, on account of poor health and other reasons, he felt compelled to decline the office. But too long and faithfully had he served the school to step aside without any recognition of his services, and it was for the purpose of testifying their regard for him that about one hundred and fifty pupils, teachers and friends assembled at his house on Wednesday evening. Nor did they go empty handed. An abundant supply of coffee and cake was brought in by the ladies, but before it was served, Prof. Havens, the new superintendent, in behalf of the school, and with some very appropriate remarks, presented his predecessor a beautiful dressing case. The response was full of feeling, and though without preparation, happily expressed. For we understand that though every woman and child and every other man in the society had known for some weeks that this was to be, Mr. Humphries himself was utterly surprised. May he use that dressing case many years, and many years to come may our own and other Sunday Schools be blessed through his labors as they have been in the past.

A PUPIL.

A young man of respectable appearance and ready speech, canvassed Giddes yesterday for a "new and cheap article of perfume." The article was wrapped in tin foil, and its odor was captivating. The price was only ten cents, and the trade was brisk. The contents of a large satchel faded away rapidly as he went from house to house. To open a package was to destroy it, so he carried one as a specimen for examination. But some curious individual could no longer restrain a desire to examine the purchase he had made, especially as the perfume seemed to be vanishing, and so removing a part of the tin foil found a little piece of common hard soap! The importer had perfumed the little packages on the outside and played his trick successfully.—*Syracuse Journal.*

First rate Japan Tea, such as you have paid 70 and 80 cents for, for 60 cents at Whybourn's.

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PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:  
Butter, 18 @ 25  
Loose Butter, 15 @ 20  
Cheese, 9 @ 13  
Lard, 13  
Eggs, \$7.00, 22  
Beef \$7.00, 05 @ 12  
Beef \$7.00, \$4 @ 80  
Mutton, \$7.00, \$6 @ 87  
Pork, \$7.00, \$18  
Pork \$7.00, \$6 @ 87  
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Beef Hides, per lb. 6 @ 57

## Housekeepers Take Notice.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$2.00; Spring, \$1.95.  
Kerns Flour, 30 cts per gallon.  
One Dollar Tea, 60 cts per lb.  
Salt, \$1.30 & \$1.50.  
50lb Butter Tubs, 80 cts, \$7 gal.  
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts, \$7 gal.  
The poor can have cheaper.  
W. O. JOHNSON, Washington St., Mexico

## Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg R. R.

1876. Winter Arrangement. 1877: